

BLUE OCTAVO SERIES  
SECULAR

No. 1002

# GOD BLESS AMERICA!

A Patriotic Song  
For Unison Chorus  
With Piano Accompaniment



Poem by  
REV. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, D. D.

Music by  
REGINALD DE KOVEN

Price, 8 cents net

HAROLD FLAMMER

Incorporated

56 WEST 45th ST.

NEW YORK CITY

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For Unison ChorusPrice  
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Rev. George William Douglas, D. D.Music by  
Reginald de Koven, Op. 393

Moderato e maestoso alla marcia

Chorus

Children of the happy land, Born to think and un-der-stand,  
Pray by word and pray by deed, As our Faith and Free-dom need,

Piano

con Ped.

One by one and each for all- Born to hark-en to the call Of  
By the grace of Christ the Lord, Who taught us how to wield the sword. When

poco più marziale e con moto

Faith and Free-dom God to-day Bids you to gird your loins and pray God  
wick-ed men by war's a-larms Com-pel free men to stand to arms, God

bless, God bless A-mer-i-ca, God bless A-mer-i-ca.  
bless, God bless A-mer-i-ca, God bless A-mer-i-ca.

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*f*

So for Home, sweet Home, we fight to-day, For the homes of the whole wide world we pray; and

*f*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

glad-ly we suf - fer, glad-ly die, For Faith and Free-dom un-der the sky, Till

*ten.*

side by side all men can stand, And Love makes earth one Hap - py Land. God

*ff*

*marcato molto*

*rit.*

bless, God bless A - mer- i - ca, God bless A-mer- i - ca!

*marcato molto*

*rit.*

## GOD BLESS AMERICA.

By the

*Rev. George William Douglas, D.D.*

Children of the Happy Land,  
Born to think and understand,  
One by one and each for all—  
Born to harken to the call  
Of Faith and Freedom—God to-day  
Bids you to gird your loins, and pray  
God bless America.

Pray by word and pray by deed,  
As our Faith, our Freedom need,  
By the grace of Christ our Lord,  
Who taught us how to wield the sword.  
When wicked men by war's alarms  
Compel free men to stand to arms,  
God bless America.

Under the sky, across the sea,  
Millions have fought for you and me.  
The guns we forged, the shells we sent,  
By their brave men for us were spent.  
Now we fight with them: none shall say  
We would not suffer as well as they.  
God bless America.

Across the sea, under the sky,  
Hamlets and homes—such as you and I  
Love for love's sake—the Hun to-day  
Tramples and burns and sweeps away;  
The ruthless Hun, whose submarine  
On our own shores may soon be seen,  
Our dear America.

Oh, the dreadful wastes of No Man's Land!  
Farms bear no fruit, no homesteads stand;  
And none but God's good Angels know  
Where the murdered bodies were laid low.  
But their souls are saved: they did not die  
Where the bodies stark and lonely lie,  
Far from America.

So for Home, Sweet Home, we fight to-day,  
For the homes of the whole wide world we pray:  
Gladly we suffer, gladly die,  
For Faith and Freedom under the sky,  
Till side by side all men can stand,  
And Love makes earth one Happy Land.  
God bless America.